

## Dnf smut shots ;)

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## Dnf smut shots ;)

by [never\\_october](#)

### Summary

Just a bunch of dnf smut (one shots)  
@cynthianotfound on wattpad, all credit to her  
READ ALL TAGS PLEASE  
also read beginning notes on first chapter :) thanks

### Notes

Hi :) i just wanted to address this in the beginning of the story; this work is not mine and all credit goes to @cynthianotfound on wattpad. At almost 600k reads, wattpad deleted the story and I have been given permission to repost it. So if this book seems familiar, that's why. So full credit to Cynthia bc she's awesome and I would recommend checking her out on wattpad, she's gonna be posting new dnf stories (probably)

This goes for all chapters: if anything looks as if there's no consent, I promise there is. Even if some chapters don't explicitly show the consent, George would make Dream stop with their safe word(s) if he really wasn't ok with it. This was brought to my attention and I

apologize I hadn't made this more clear. Thank you for understanding :>

## Punishment

George had just ended his stream, happy with how it had turned out, as it was quite different from the normal streams George would host. Of course with Tommy there, it was always chaotic but he had brought a special guest on today, Ninja himself. Letting out a quiet laugh, George remembered how he had accidentally married Ninja, and how the chat panicked, saying that Dream wouldn't be too happy with this. Knowing that it could have made Clay jealous, sent an unexplainable rush that filled throughout his body.

The British man turned off his pc and went downstairs to get a snack, although trying to be sneaky, as he didn't want to wake his housemate, Clay. He started to rummage through the fridge like a raccoon in a bin, (LMAO SAME) squeaking happily when he found his precious apple juice.

George turned around, only to let out his famous ear-piercing scream as he noticed the dirty-blond haired male, sitting at the kitchen island in silence. Clay let out a long wheeze and managed to string out a sentence along the lines of "Calm down jamal, don't pull out the nine". George stomped over and whacked him in the head. "IDIOT. You gave me a literal heart attack, did you know people can die from being too scared"?

The two boys giggled at their own stupidness as George sat down in front of Clay. A peaceful silence fell over them, only being broken by the occasional slurps of apple juice. "I was watching your stream George". The British man only hummed happily in reply, his top priority at the moment was drinking apple juice.

"You really can make any man gay for you huh George, even Ninja himself." George spat out his juice at the unexpected comment, scoffing in surprise. "W-what?! Clay what do you mean?". George giggled nervously.

"You know exactly what I mean."

Clay stood up and walked around to the other side of the table where George was sitting. The British man felt his body leave the chair, and was shellshocked as the younger male threw him over his shoulder, and started carrying him up to George's bedroom. While George looked at the floor beneath him, he finally processed what was happening. "ClAy! Put me down! What the hell has gotten into you"?

At George's request, Clay let go of George and dropped him into his gamer chair. The older male stared up at the other man towering above him, "Clay? What are y-"

Before George could finish, Clay was on top of George, straddling him, and his sentence was cut off by a soft pair of lips meeting his. As the kiss intensified, George struggled to keep his noises in, loving the feeling of his lip being bitten hungrily by the younger.

When Clay finally pulled off of George, the older male was left breathless and in shock. Coming close again to whisper into George's ear, "You're such a slut George, ". The younger males' hands started to explore the body beneath him, tracing his jawline then gliding down to his pale, flat stomach.

"Seeing you marry a random man you just met tonight, only goes to prove what I said." Clay's fingers traveled lower and lower, until the were at the zipper of George's pants,

"And sluts like you need punishment."

Before George could even reply, he felt cold air hit his thighs as his pants were quickly unzipped and pulled down. "Clayy.. ah". The younger male slowly slid down onto his knees, bringing his mouth closer and closer to George's boxers, all the while keeping eye contact with the older and smirking.

George tightly closed his eyes and groaned as he felt a warm, moist breath on his clothed boner. "P-please, please don't tease me..", George mumbled as he began to remove his own boxers, trying to speed up the process. He flinched though as he was stopped by two big, veiny hands and opened his eyes to see Clay staring him down, as if George was his next meal. ( \*he is tho\* )

"You're not the one who makes the rules here baby. Don't you DARE touch yourself," He leaned in close and whispered the rest of his sentence in George's ear, "or else."

Clay let go of his hands and started unbuttoning his own jeans, still maintaining eye contact with George. George grinned evilly while a great idea popped into his head. Secretly, on the inside he was terrified for Clay to punish him as he knew how scary Clay can get when he's mad, but that didn't stop him from being the brat he was.

"And what if I break the rules?", George smiled innocently and quickly ripped his boxers off, slowly starting to stroke himself, moaning and shaking lightly from the pleasure of having someone watching him while he does this.

Clay growled "Watch your attitude babyboy, this is going to cost you." Clay pulled his pants off and lifted his shirt up, revealing his toned abs and muscles which glistened from sweat in the dim lighting. Clay walked over to George and stood over him, while the older smirked and stared up at him, still lazily playing around with his hard cock.

"Stop. Right now". George scoffed and rolled his eyes,

"Make me."

Clay shoved George's hands out of the way and jerked him off with no mercy. George let out loud, sluttish moans, not expecting Clay to go that fast at first. "CLAYYyy.. UHaH".

George was in complete ecstasy as Clay stroked his cock at an ungodly speed. "P-pl please.. slOw d-down.." The strokes only seemed to go faster as Clay evilly smiled, watching the older male arch his back and grab onto the chair handles tightly. "ClAy- IM goNnaa.."

Clay suddenly let go of George's cock, and walked into the other room, denying the older male of his orgasm. Still in shock George paused to catch his breath, confused as to where Clay had disappeared to at a time like this.

His throbbing, bright red cock screamed at George to let him release, and wondered if making Clay mad again was worth it.

George's cock twitched and the male decided that nothing else mattered in that moment. He wrapped his hand around it and started vigorously pumping it. Letting out a scream of Clay's name from how sensitive he was, thick sheets of white cum shot from his cock painted the computer setup in front of him.

George was panting and out of breath when Clay walked in again, holding a box. "Clay! Where did y-"

"Did you just touch yourself AGAIN George?

George stopped talking and let out a small whimper, forgetting that Clay was gonna be mad at him for breaking the rule again.

"You know, I was starting to feel bad for what I'm about to do to you, but now you really deserve it. So close your eyes, bitch."

George obediently closed his eyes Clay's command, not wishing to anger the younger male any more. He heard him open the box and walk towards him, leaning close to whisper in his ear. "This is your punishment babyboy."

Clay yanked George's hands behind the chair and locked them into a pair of handcuffs. The older male laughed nervously. "Uh what are these for?" His question went unanswered, but he felt something slide onto his cock, and lay rest at the bottom. "Good boy, now open your eyes."

The first thing George saw was a big, black cock ring around the base of his cock, and as he looked up at Clay, to his horror, he was holding a remote for it. Clay fake yawned and stretched his arms upward, flexing his big muscles as he started walking to the door. "It's pretty late George, and I'm really tired." George gasped and realized what was going on. "CLAY n-."

"I think I'm gonna go to bed, have a good sleep!" Clay walked out but turned around and popped his head through the door. "Enjoy, you slut". Clay turned on the vibration for the cock ring and giggled, walking away happily, ready for bed.

He smiled as he could hear George's moans and screams through the walls, "A slut gets what a slut deserves." He whispered sadistically to himself as he closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

# Touch Starved

## Chapter Summary

Clay's upset about a recent breakup, so he goes to his best friend's house...

## Chapter Notes

I've decided I'm going to post a chapter every Friday, Saturday, and Monday. I'll do my best to stick to the schedule :)

Also WTF this got almost 400 hits after being up for only a few hours!? I honestly didn't think this story would find anyone but I'm glad Cynthia's work is reaching more people <33 so thank you guys for that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Recently Clay's girlfriend had broken up with him, leaving the male devastated and heartbroken. As the days passed he started to miss her soft touches, scent and warm spot in the bed more and more.

After making the same dinner, mindlessly scrolling through Twitter, and going to bed every night thinking about her, Clay finally decided that it was time to switch up what seemed like his never-ending routine.

Clay got dressed out of his pyjamas and put on grey sweatpants and a plain white top. He rushed to the bathroom, brushed a comb through his hair and put on cologne before grabbing a jacket and stepping outside.

The crisp cool air belonging to the night bit at his feet and hands, but it was nice for Clay to finally feel something after what he had been through.

He smiled softly and ran into the dark, excited to reach his destination.

Out of breath, Clay made it to his best friend's house and knocked at the door. After a while of waiting, Clay grew impatient and wondered why he wasn't being greeted when he looked at his phone and realised it was 2am. "Ah, oh well. I can just let myself in".

Clay reached into the letterbox and grabbed the silver key, turning it into his lock and opening the door as if he expected George to be there. He wondered if he was going just a little bit insane to be breaking into his best friend's house at night just to talk to him, but he continued anyway.

Clay giggles as he walks into George's room, before almost screaming as he hears a soft woof from George's dog. "J-jEsus dawg chill-" He leaned down to pet the creature as an attempt to calm it. Once Clay got the situation under control, he made his way over to the younger male's bed.

He smiled at how peaceful and cute his best friend looked while sleeping, and he wondered what it would feel like to hold him the same way he had held his girlfriend. Clay's heart raced and a faint form of blush spread across his cheeks, finally snapping.

"Fuck it."

Still cold from the outside walk, he got under the covers behind George, shuffling around so he could get in a comfortable position while also being the big spoon. He stopped in his tracks as George's scent reminded him of a certain something.. or someone.

His eyes widened as he realised that George used the same perfume as Heather when he noticed the pink bottle on his bedstand. Clay's senses heightened and he immediately started to bury his nose into the younger's skin, wishing to smell every inch of it.

Clay hungrily pressed himself against George, wanting to do more than smelling at this point, but was broken out of his trance as he heard George let out a soft groan into Clay's ear, making the hair stand up on his arms, (and something else stand up.)

He gulped and swallowed nervously as he noticed the position they were in. Clay had climbed on top of George in his effort to be closer, and was pressing his knee into a place that was dangerously close to the younger male's cock.

Clay bit his lip and tried to remove his knee, but instead, he accidentally made the damage worse and whimpered as he became aware of George's growing boner. Because of the friction, and since he wasn't in the right mindset, George started to involuntarily hump Clay's leg to relieve his now raging boner, that was clearly visible through his short pyjama boxers.

Clay just stayed there, too shocked to move as he listened to the soft moans of George. Feeling like

he should do something, he moved from his position and went to shake George to wake him up when he heard a small "c-clay, please.."

Deciding to change his plans, Clay smirked and this time sat back onto George so their clothed dicks were touching, trying not to let out noise while he realised this is what he wanted for so long.

Sliding his body down so his face was close to George's, he pinned the younger male's hands down beside him and leaned down into his ear. "Oh Georgeee.."

George's eyes flickered open at the sound, and opened even wider as he realised who was on top of him. "Clay?" George asked tiredly, as if he thought he was still asleep "What're you doing here..".

George felt Clay's cock twitch against his own before realising, oh shit this isn't a dream.

"Got a problem Gogy"? Clay grinned as he thrusted his cock on George's and they both let out a loud groan at his quick action.

Starting to hump George at a slow pace, he whispered dirty sentences into the male's ears beneath him, causing George to hump back, his horny level increasing every time Clay opened his mouth.

"Yeah, you like that? I'm gonna make you cum without even touching your cock."

Both of the males thrusts started to gain speed and even Clay stopped talking to focus on groaning instead, bringing George closer and closer to his sweet release.

"Cum, I.. I think I'm gonna." George tried forming a stable sentence, but trailed off as he released loudly into his boxers. Clay quickly came after, as both of the men held each other close.

Right before Clay fell asleep, he whispered a cute "Thank you.." to George and closed his eyes, feeling safe in his arms.

Clay had decided that George would be perfect for him and realised it's time to move on from Heather.

He had already found his true love before he even knew.

#### Chapter End Notes

:]  
<3

## Annoyed

### Chapter Summary

George loves Dream's voice, so he gets a little carried away while he's streaming...

### Chapter Notes

Fuck my posting schedule, I'm just eager to get the chapters out so expect a new one every other day ;)

AND HOLY SHIT this story got 1k hits after TWO DAYS that's insane, thank you guys for supporting this so much, I'm so happy this story is getting its redemption

\*It's a short one sorry\*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was late at night, and Dream had been streaming his speedrunning attempt with George on call with him. As the hours passed, it became clear that he was becoming incredibly annoyed, and with every death, the gamer rage and swearing increased. While most of Dream's chat were concerned for his sanity, George on the other hand, was trying to suppress his raging boner.

You see, when Dream got angry he tended to "growl" in a way and his voice dropped lower than usual. George could only imagine how hot Dream would sound in bed with him.

At this point, George was making it worse for himself by thinking these things, and George's boner was screaming at him to touch it, so he started palming it through his sweatpants slowly. Taking a deep breath so his voice doesn't sound too unstable, George finally decided to talk after a long silence from Dream.

"Why are you mad Dream? It's only a game". He knew this would get on the other male's nerves, and he was correct. "GEORGE! It's not just a game when I'm trying to beat this FUCKING WORLD RECORD".

George pressed the mute button and let out a loud moan at this, throwing his head back as his hand slithered down into his pants. Grabbing his cock, he pulled it out from his pants and started rubbing up and down faster. "Ah.. Dream stroke me faster.."

George started to go faster and faster, picking up speed until he could feel that little knot forming in his lower stomach, warning George that he's gonna release soon.

But as he was on the verge of cumming, he heard Dream's hot voice coming through his headphones. "Oh Georgeee". George rushes to unmute his mic, but realised that it was already unmuted.

"Oh shit.. Dream I can-".

George's eyes widened as he saw Dream's facecam turn on, showing the tent in the other males pants as he smirked at the camera. "Look what you did. Turn on your camera baby and let me see what you were just doing".

George reluctantly turned on his cam, and blushed as Dream looked over his bright red, throbbing cock, still begging for release. "How cute, lets make a deal hm?" George slowly nodded up and down, confused as to what Dream would say.

"You can start to pleasure yourself again, and do it in time with me, okay?" George lightly moaned out an okay. "But you have to cum at the same time as me". This all sounded like heaven to George, he couldn't believe that he was gonna cum with his best friend.

Dream started incredibly slow at first, making George grow impatient, but he didn't want to disobey him. Teasing himself, Dream looked up and saw George struggling to go at such a slow speed and grinned. As Dream started to jerk faster, George couldn't keep his moans in and loudly moaned every stroke. Soon enough, Dream was going at a fast pace now, becoming extremely desperate as he tried to reach his sweet release.

Their moans and groans got louder until that one final stroke ended it all, and they both shot out strings of cum from their cocks, breathing heavily and taking a minute to come off their high. When George finally opened his eyes, what he saw made him chuckle but also turned on him on again, as Dream had fallen asleep in his chair, cock in hand.

George whispered a little "I love you Dream". As he started taking many screenshots, for possible blackmail, or even future jackoff sessions. Logging off, George sighed happily and went to go clean his sticky mess.

:)  
<3

## Secret Admirer

### Chapter Summary

George has a huge crush on his neighbor, Clay, so he goes over to his house and sees something unexpected...but not bad.

### Chapter Notes

#### NEW CHAPTER POG

I was going to wait until tomorrow to post it but I love this chapter and I was so excited to post it, so here you go <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was just a normal guy who liked to stick to a routine. Every morning before work he would wake up at 4:00 am, have a shower, eat breakfast, then head off to visit his crushes' house. You see, this would seem semi-normal to anybody right? Well from the outside it would, but George has a secret to him that nobody can find out

....

At 4:00 am, like every morning, George's alarm woke him up and he instantly got out of bed, motivated and ready to seize the day. He collected his day clothes from his closet, and laid them down on his bed for when he came back.

George walked with a bounce in his step to the shower, humming happily as today was Saturday, which meant more time to admire his crush. He turned on the shower and while he waited for the water to warm up, he stripped from his pyjamas.

The young male looked over at his slim figure in the mirror, giggling as he traced his little abs, imagining his crushes' hand there instead of his. He continued to mindlessly circle his stomach but started to go lower and lower until he was almost at the tip of his cock. Abruptly stopping himself, he remembered that he can do this later, while on his visit.

After quickly showering, and getting changed into some casual wear, George made his way downstairs to grab a small cup of coffee. During the coffee making, George spent his time thinking about his crush, Clay.

Clay was a tall, muscular boy that lived across the street from George. He had dirty blond curly hair, freckles and the prettiest eyes George has ever seen. George first developed this crush on the other boy when he came to welcome George into the neighbourhood, and as the month progressed George just became more and more obsessed- I mean, in love with Clay.

At first, he admired from afar, but George grew confident, and that leads us to today's plan...

The young male quickly downed his coffee, shivering at the slight sour taste. He walked towards the door, not forgetting to grab a sweater and slip on some shoes before stepping out into the crisp, dim morning.

Looking at Clay's house with determination, he crossed the street and hid behind the fence, which was the only thing that kept him from looking into Clay's windows. George wondered how he should get over when he noticed a tall tree that leant over the fence, welcoming George with its swaying leaves and thick branches that looked sturdy enough to climb up.

The young male smiled and reached out for the first branch to use as leverage. As he got up, he stumbled at first but he started to get the hang of it, mustering all the upper body strength he could to reach his destination. Soon enough, George had climbed the height of the fence, and was happy to see his plan coming together.

George pulled a pair of small binoculars from his sweater pocket and searched the windows for Clay's room. This didn't take long though, as a dim light shone through one of the windows on the second story, making it more visible to see what, or who was inside.

But what George saw though was beyond his imagination, and he knew that he should look away but instead he watched intensely. The angle from the tree gave the perfect view of Clay's bed, and more importantly, Clay, who was on it naked at the moment.

From what it looked like, Clay was jerking off and George couldn't help but slide his own hands down to touch his cock as well. He sighed shakily and tried to keep his balance on the branch, not being able to hold on anymore as both hands were occupied.

George lightly moaned and started to match the speed of Clay's pumps, shutting his eyes as he felt himself getting closer and closer to his release. As his strokes became messy, George reached his limit and moaned loudly, cumming onto the branch and shaking from the oversensitivity. As he calmed down, he looked back at Clay's window to find he was gone.

George sighed, dissatisfied that he didn't get to see Clay's cum from that big cock of his, but alas he was still grateful to see his perfect body naked. He started to make his way down the trunk carefully and landed at the bottom with a thud. Dusting his hands off from the dirt and bark, he turned around to head home but felt himself get pushed back against the tree trunk.

"Hi George. Care to explain why you were up my tree and have a pair of these?" Clay's deep voice questioned, as he held up George's pair of binoculars.

"I-i.." George was at a loss for words, and he tried to think of an excuse but realised quickly that there was no explanation for his strange behavior. "Tell me. Now." Clay demanded as he pressed his knee against George's crotch, making the male beneath him let out a loud moan. "I- swear it was nothing weird, I was just admiring the sunrise"?

"Oh, don't play dumb with me mister. I know what you saw," Clay started grinding his knee into George now, keeping a steady pace as the other male moaned into every touch."Now, tell me what you saw and what you did okay?

"I, saw you touching yourself and, ahh.. I wanted to as well.. and uH I came on your trEee..ah" George replied between moans. Clay smirked at the reaction he was getting out of George, and pressed his knee harder and faster against George."And did you like that, you little stalker?"

"Mm n- not a stalker"

The volume and intensity of George's moans increased as he felt himself near cumming for the second time. "Clay.. please.."

"Hmm please what? Use your words baby."

"Please help me cum."

Without another word from Clay, he reached down into George's pants and furiously pumped his cock. George screamed as he came over Clay's hands, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood as he grabbed Clay's shoulders as support.

Clay smirked and bent down to kiss George's cock, before looking up at the breathless male and whispering, "I can't wait for this to be the talk of the neighborhood". He then got up and walked back into his house, leaving George leaning against the tree with his cock out, still trying to process what happened.

"I think I might have to pay visits to Clay more often". George mumbled to himself under his

breath, before zipping up his pants and walking home.

## Chapter End Notes

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<3

## Hungry

### Chapter Summary

Clay desperately needs his boyfriend's attention, so he gets an idea...

### Chapter Notes

I should have said this in the beginning but, of course, if any of the cc's mentioned in these stories state they are uncomfortable with such work being written, I'll remove this whole thing right away. But all work being posted does respect their boundaries as of what they've said at this point in time.

I'm also typing with band aids on half of my fingers so it's kinda hard to type fast  
lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay quickly woke up from his evening nap with a hard on after experiencing an unfinished wet dream about his boyfriend, George. He groaned as he moved to get up, accidentally pressing his boner against the fabric of his boxers even more.

Desperately craving relief, he ran downstairs and found George in the kitchen, preparing some vegetables for frying. "George.." Clay moaned out for his boyfriend, but there was no response from the older male. Clay walked closer to George and moaned directly into George's ear, trying to gain his attention but he was still being ignored.

Clay decided to take things into his own hands, and started to slowly grind against his boyfriend's cute ass, leaving wet kisses along his neck. He continued like this for a while, increasing in speed as he moaned out in ecstasy, exaggerating the volume of his moans for George's enjoyment.

After 10 mins of not even a look from George, Clay wondered what he could do to gain his well deserved attention from George, when an idea popped into his head of how he could interfere.

"Hey Georgeee". Clay leaned over George's shoulders and grabbed the cucumber that he was getting ready to cut. The young male then removed his boxers and pulled himself up onto the counter, directly in front of George.

Clay gulped as he looked at the size of the cucumber, but gained confidence as he saw the look on George's face. The other male was trying to stay calm, but couldn't help but blush as Clay's large, meaty cock was resting right in front of him, as if it was his next meal.

What George didn't expect, was what Clay was planning to do next.

The blond reached over for the cooking oil, pouring some over the cucumber and rubbing it up and down to grease it up. When Clay decided that it was lubricated enough, he got ready to shove it into himself.

Clay maintained eye contact with George as he spread his legs wider, leaving his pink little hole in open view for the other male to see. He slowly rubbed the edible dildo around the rim of his ass, and pushed in slightly.

Clay threw his head back and released a loud moan, loving the feeling of having his hole filled with this unfamiliar object. Although he wished it was George's cock.

Clay shoved the cucumber halfway in and moved it in and out in a steady pace, smirking and going faster when he saw George's tent through his pants and realised he was about to snap.

"This is so much better than your cock George.. ah"

This was the final straw for George as he yanked the cucumber out from inside of Clay, and shoved it into his mouth to silence his moans instead. He then replaced his cock to where the cucumber used to be, thrusting his member in all the way.

From all the built up sensitivity, Clay came instantly after George intruded in his hole. "What a pathetic little baby, cumming after one thrust." George stopped to mumble in Clay's ear, "Too bad I'm not finished".

With this George continued thrusting his cock inside of Clay, going at an incredibly fast pace. Clay's muffled yet loud moans filled the kitchen, and probably filled the whole street as well as George pounded into him.

George reached up to pull the cucumber out of his mouth and Clay was relieved to let all his moans spill out. "George... I'm gonna cu- AHHh" Clay screamed as George hit his g-spot harshly, making

him cum for the second time.

George came deep inside Clay soon after, using the younger as a cock-warmer as he picked up the cucumber. "I was gonna use this cucumber" George said sadly.

"You still can". Clay lightly moaned back in reply.

George smirked and picked the other male up, holding onto his tight ass as he carried him and the cucumber to the bedroom. "I guess we have a different use for it now".

#### Chapter End Notes

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<3

## This Video We Coded It part.1

## Chapter Summary

Dream has an interesting idea for a new video...

## Chapter Notes

I'd just like to say that mic drop by bts has been stuck in my head for the past few days  
0\_o not complaining though

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George normally felt a bit nervous before filming a video with Dream as he felt insuperior being on his channel. I mean, it's hard to keep calm featuring in a video that would no doubt get over 10million views. But little did George know that this recording would leave him shaking in his seat, and not entirely from nerves

Beforehand, Dream and George were sitting in a discord call, throwing video ideas at each other but most of them ending up useless. After a while of coming up with nothing, Dream fell silent. He suddenly spoke up which startled George slightly, becoming more aware than he was before.

"I have a... slightly different video idea planned for us Georgie".

George blushed slightly at the nickname but let out a little "mmh?", as he was interested in what this different video was going to be. Dream chuckled smugly,

"But the thing is I can't tell you what we are doing.. yet. But what I can tell you is there is going to be a package arriving at your house tomorrow, do NOT open it." George was extremely confused but waited for Dream to finish his explanation,

"When you receive it, call me and we can start the video."

A decorative horizontal line consisting of a series of open diamond shapes, evenly spaced along the top edge of the page.

George nervously sat in front of his monitor and stared at the rectangular package that he found at his doorstep that following morning. At first he had tried to guess what Dream was preparing to send him, only having a couple ideas in mind. But now that he was actually holding the box, all

those ideas went out the window.

Gaining the courage to finally call Dream, swirling his headphone chord around his fingers as he waited for the other male to pick up. "Hey George". George's breath hitched as he heard Dream's deep voice. Who knew that after all this time, George would still become flustered because of a simple greeting from his friend. The older male replied with a quick "hello", but jumped straight to the point of this whole call. "What's in this box, Dream?"

"Find out for yourself, open it."

George eagerly ripped open the package, but stopped in his tracks as he tried to recognize the pink object that lay before him. Dream laughed at George's silence and waiting for the older to figure out what he had received.

George blushed profusely while it suddenly clicked in his brain. Mouth opening and closing in disbelief as he tried to form a sentence together. "D-drEam! Wh- Why did you send me.. ThiS?"

"For you to use obviously. Now if you don't mind, I would like to start the video."

George just sat there, holding the object and repeatedly turning it over in his hands, still processing what Dream was asking of him. "Okay I have my software set up and ready to record, are you prepared to begin?"

"DrEAM! You don't.. you don't expect me to actually u-use this do you??" George mumbled in shock.

"Of course I do. I mean, it's only fair to use it since I spent my own money on it.

For some reason, George took this as a valuable reason and sighed heavily, whole face now pink from this situation. "Okay. Let's start." Dream's sultry voice sounded like heaven as he counted down for the start of the video. His voice switched back to his normal voice, as he said his infamous introduction.

"This video we coded it so that everytime george dies in minecraft his vibrator level is turned up by this remote I'm holding in my hand. His goal is to defeat the enderdragon, but can he beat the game before he cumns so much he cant take it anymore? Let's find out~"

## Chapter End Notes

☆Part 2 coming soon don't worry :))☆  
<3

## This Video We Coded It part.2

### Chapter Notes

I forgot to mention this last chapter but not only did we reach 100 kudos, but also 5k hits! Those are both big numbers for what they are so I'm glad you guys like the stories :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"This video we coded it so that everytime george dies in minecraft his vibrator level is turned up by this remote I'm holding in my hand. His goal is to defeat the enderdragon, but can he beat the game before he cums so much he can't take it anymore? Let's find out~"

George let out a shaky breath and stared at the vibrator in silence, still contemplating whether he wanted to keep his dignity or not. It seemed as though Dream had already decided for him as he broke the silence with his smooth voice.

"Well? What are you waiting for Georgie~"

George gulped and began to unzip his jeans, lifting his lower body up from the chair to properly remove the article of clothing. George closed his eyes and placed the vibrator against his clothed dick, which was now becoming semi hard.

"Ah okay, I'm ready to start playing now Dream."

He hopped onto a new world that Dream had created especially for this challenge and they went over the rules. Once George was aware with how the challenge was going to work, he ran off to collect wood.

"Wait a minute George. I haven't said start yet. First we just need to do a little test."

George was about to question what Dream meant, but a loud moan escaped his mouth instead. The vibrator has gone from 0-7 in an instant, but it stopped as quick as it had started. "DreAm-"

"Start now"

George sat for a couple of moments to regain his composure before he carried onto to beat Minecraft quickly, as he wanted this to be over. Not much happened in the next 10 minutes, George had collected full iron tools and armour, and was now preparing to make a nether portal.

Still being quite nervous and shaky, George has been quite careful, but with nothing happening yet, he decided to try something risky. He gathered the water bucket to make the portal, and placed it so he could try the technique that Dream himself had taught him.

Accidentally misplacing the water, it all happened too fast as the water swept him into the lava pool next to him, while the male panicked as the obsidian trapped him under.

"NO!" George screamed while aggressively clicking, trying to save himself but deep down he knew there was no use. He stared at the death screen, processing what that meant.

"Oh Georgee.."

George whined as he felt vibration against his dick, sending waves of pleasure through his body. "Oh my god.."

"I know I am your God right now, baby"

Soon George got used to the feeling and made his way back to the portal. Salvaging some of his things that weren't burnt to a crisp, he successfully created the portal this time and went through.

He ran through the hot terrain, and searched for the nether fortress, one of the main things needed to help him beat his game. After a couple minutes of searching, George finally found what he was looking for and not only that, the older male also spotted the blaze spawner right away.

"YESS. Suck on that Dream!"

Before George could grab even a single blaze rod, Dream appeared out of nowhere. George sat there with his mouth open, as he witnessed the green block man hit him off the edge into the lava below.

What surprised him more though, was the vibrator going up to the next level. Dream giggled like a maniac as he listened to George's release. The older male instantly came because of the built up friction between the vibrator and his cock.

"Dream, a-aH. That's against the r-rules.."

"Oh is it now?" You could hear the smirk in Dream's voice as he raised the vibrator to it's max level.

George screamed and grinded into the vibrator at a quick pace, cumming for the second time that night. But Dream didn't have any mercy for George while he sat in the call, listening to his 'friend' helplessly cum over and over.

George's bucks against the toy became slow and instead, he sat there, letting the vibrator stay there like the slut he is. With his whole body twitching until his cock had no cum left to give, it was only after the 6th round that the vibrations stopped.

"Well George, that was quite a performance I must say."

George let out a little whine. "Shut up Dream.."

George flinched and loudly moaned again, arching his back as he felt himself become light-headed from Dream turning the vibrator on and off quickly. The head of George's cock screamed at him to stop, but underneath the pain, George secretly loved the way Dream was treating him.

"What did you say, hm?"

George didn't want to give in to the younger male, but his whole body shook and he took this as a sign that maybe cumming 7 times was enough for that night.

"Nothing, Dream.."

"That's what I thought slut."

Dream then left the call, leaving George with a bright red cock and a sticky mess.

#### Chapter End Notes

\*Sorry for the wait

:]

<3

## Thigh Riding

## Chapter Summary

Clay just wanted to watch a movie, but George is needy...

## Chapter Notes

Smut request by: @geboto6 on wattpad

Hope this is good enough for you ❤

Late upload, sorry!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a cool summer's night in Florida where a certain young male was getting ready to watch a movie. Tired from the activities he had previously completed that day, Clay was relieved to have some peace and relaxation time in his lounge.

After turning on Netflix and struggling to find a decent movie to watch for a while, he finally decided on *Coraline* and walked over to the kitchen island to grab his prepared popcorn. Returning to his seat, Clay settled down between the soft blankets and pillows, ready for the night ahead of him.

It was almost too perfect for the American boy, as this was one of his favourite things to do at night. (Other than masterb-)

But little did he know that there was a small inconvenience around the corner watching the older male, waiting for a perfect time to pounce on his prey.

Not even a quarter into the movie, Clay thought he saw something in the corner of his eyes, but disregarded it as nothing while he kept his focus on the movie. Soon enough, he definitely paid more attention to the "shadow" as it had just threw himself at the younger male.

Clay groaned as a heavy George landed on top of his lap and positioned himself so he was

straddling the male below him. "George"? Clay grunted as the older shifted more.

George was in a euphoric state, as he roughly connected Clay's lips with his own. George tried to move his own tongue into the other mouth, but was denied access as Clay wasn't giving up that easily.

George already has a plan though, and he grabbed Clay's cock through his sweatpants, making the younger male gasp.

This granted access for George but the British males' interest had already moved on to another area. Hungrily sucking on Clay's collarbone, George was getting more excited and bold by the second, eventually starting to travelling lower and lower until..

He felt a hand thread through his hair and yank him back up so he was face to face with Clay.  
"What makes you think you're the one in charge here baby?"

George looked away and squirmed around as he tried to hide the fact that Clay's voice alone was enough to give him a boner. Although it was no use as the younger spotted it and smirked.

"Already hard babe? Pathetic little slut, I haven't even touched you~"

George couldn't help but let out a moan, no longer hiding his kink for being degraded. "P-please.."

"Please what? Use your words for me". Clay said as he tilted George's jaw towards him, forcing him to maintain eye contact with him.

"Please.. fuck me d-daddy.." George whispered out the last word, accidentally letting it slip. Clay's eyes widened but he calmed himself down again as he formed a plan in his head.

"No."

George whimpered and looked down at his boner and then back up at Clay with wide eyes.

"I wont fuck you, but I can give you something to work with." With that being said, Clay grabbed George's hips tightly and repositioned him so he was placed in the middle of one Clay's meaty thighs.

Without warning, Clay bounced his thigh up towards George's crotch, and watched as the older threw his head back, releasing a loud moan that broke through the silence of the house.

Clay stared at the beauty in front of him. With his perfect pale skin, a blush spreading across his cheeks and pink lips that hung open, the sight was enough to make Clay horny.

As Clay began to bounce his thigh in a steady pace, George rolled his hips in the same rhythm, letting out cute moans as his did so.

"Look at you becoming my little mess. All it takes is my leg bouncing for you to get off Georgie~"

George whimpered in reply and the younger male could tell that he was getting needy from the way his thrusts became harder and his moans started to increase in volume.

"I think you're big enough to do this on your own. Keep going, slut." Clay growled at George, as he ceased his leg bounces and returned his attention back to the TV screen.

Something inside George took this as a challenge.

The male on top used his whole body strength to ride Clay's thigh, but little by little, he moved his crotch closer to Clay's. Moaning louder than before, every thrust driving him over the edge, George finally decided to take action on the younger.

Clay didn't have time to register what was about to happen as George roughly thrusted his crotch into his own. Grabbing onto George's hips and pulling the older harder against him, Clay growled out a deep "Fuck~ George don't stop baby."

The sound of George's sweets moans filling his ears combined with the feel of the olders' smooth skin clashing with Clay's rough hands sent him on the way to his sweet release.

"Ah-hAh, I'm gon.. cum."

"Cum with me babyboy."

George's body trembled in pleasure as his final thrust caused him to cum inside his boxers. The older male let out a loud moan as he rode out his high.

On the other hand, Clay closed his eyes and whispered a string of cuss words, cumming alongside with George left him panting and sweaty.

As their bodies parted, the boys both looked down at the dark, wet patches filling the front of their pants. Looking back at eachother, they let out a breathy giggle as George filled the gap between their bodies again.

This time they peppered eachother with kisses, before settling down and finishing the rest of the movie.

Chapter End Notes

:)  
<3

## Bouncy part. 1

### Chapter Summary

George decides to be a bratty bottom for Clay...

### Chapter Notes

Rip to my cat, I keep calling her Quackity by accident but her name's Cali :€

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Try and catch me Clayy~" Small giggles could be heard from the shorter male as he rushed towards their shared bedroom, ready to initiate the final phase of his plan.

Recently, he had been trying to suppress the voice in his head trying to tell him to disobey Clay, to see what it's like to be taught a lesson. One day he finally gave in though and as a result, George, the usually submissive and obedient boyfriend, became a bratty, reckless bitch in about an hour. With the constant backtalk, whining, stealing and the fact that he has broken all of his rules, he felt like Clay should have snapped already.

As the younger peered around the corner, he stood there confused while observing Clay's emotionless face, wondering what must be going on in the others' head. Ducking back into the room, George realized that everything was not going according to plan. The older male longed for Clay to punish him and destroy his body with his cock, fucking him so hard that he forgets his name. But his reaction was nowhere near his expectations, and George decided he needed to rethink how he could gather his boyfriends' attention.

Clay on the other hand, was at his peak. Oh how he wanted to show George who was boss and punish him accordingly, but he felt like that's what the older wanted. Clay sighed heavily and pressed his fingers onto his temples, rubbing them softly in hopes to relieve his headaches and stress. He was almost at peace when a faint creaking broke through his thoughts.

Clay narrowed his eyes and looked into the slightly open door at the end of the hallway. Without thinking, his feet led him to the silver beam of light emitting from their room, which was occupied by the other male. God knows what he was doing.

Reaching his hand out to the door handle, Clay was curious to find the source of the noise, but it

was left lingering there as he glanced towards the bed. From his angle, Clay could see the full view of what George was doing.

Time seemed to slow, (and something seemed to grow in a certain area) as he watched George bouncing up and down on the bed. This would have seemed innocent enough, apart from the fact that older male's cock was out, and bouncing along with him.

Clay bit his lip, too entranced in the beauty before him to care about the fact that he had just finished making that exact bed. Absent-mindedly, Clay's hand travelled lower while he glared at George. Pink nipples on display and milky white thighs clouded his brain and messed with his emotions.

"Take a video Clay, it will last longer," George spoke out sassily, "Although I would do this for you anyday daddy."

Clay blushes at the older's words, but as his mind cleared he remembered the next thing on his agenda.

~Punish this boy and give him something else to bounce on until his legs give out.

#### Chapter End Notes

:]  
<3

## Bouncy part. 2

## Chapter Notes

I'm not sure if the beginning makes sense based on how it left off, but you get the point lmao

I'm sorry for what you are about to read♥

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Still keeping his confidence, George pushed himself up and down on the dildo as he waited for Clay to react. The other looked flustered and lost in thought, and George took this as an opportunity to finish what he had started.

The older males' legs started to shake and he became physically aware of the pre-cum from his cock smearing onto his stomach with every bounce. Moaning out Clay's name was just adding more fuel to the fire that George had left behind for the younger to extinguish. He weakly tried to go faster, nearing his own climax but his body couldn't handle it. He let his arms fall, meaning that there was no more support for the poor boy.

Dropping down fully onto the large dildo, George let out a loud whine as it tore through his hole and reached places he didn't even think was possible. Squirming around to try and get off it, George was becoming desperate, but every movement caused it to brush against his prostate, making him feel light-headed as it sent shivers down his spine. Pushing his legs up a tiny bit, the older male used all his strength left in his body to lift himself off and was almost successful until he felt two rough hands fall onto his shoulders and apply pressure ever so slightly.

Letting out a small moan, he felt himself become full again as Clay pushed him down onto the dildo and lifted him back up. The younger male repeated this until George was begging him to stop. Clay finally pulled him all the way up, using his hips as handles. But George was left in shock as he let go of him. Clay was grinning sadistically as he watched his boyfriend's hole engulf the dildo for the final time.

George's whole body shuddered as spurts of cum shot from his cock, covering the male in front of him. He grinded the air with the dildo still inside, riding out his high. Although, his cock hadn't gotten any of the attention, so Clay decided to help out. He grabbed onto the base of George's member, stroking up and down slowly as he watched the older push back into his hands.

Clay picked up the speed, now using his thumb occasionally to rub onto the slit of George's cock while jerking him off. George reached out towards Clay's hands, using his own hands to guide the younger to the speed he wished for, as he was no longer able to string a sentence together. His mouth was left hanging open as he reached his orgasm again, yet Clay didn't stop milking his cock until the very last drop rolled down and onto Clay's hands.

George fell back against the pillows and closed his eyes, savouring the feeling of Clay's hands wrapped around his cock. The older could feel a pair of eyes on him, and just as he suspected, he opened his eyes slightly only to make eye contact with the younger. Lust could be seen in both of the male's eyes as George's eyes drifted down towards Clay's slightly unbuttoned shirt.

He crawled over slowly to Clay, wincing at the slight pain in his backside, and positioned himself over Clay's lap. The male underneath gripped George's thighs and pressed him close to his own body, capturing the other's lips in a slow makeout session. As their tongues locked together, they fought for dominance. George hungrily pushed his tongue into the other's mouth, but Clay soon took over and put him in his place.

While Clay was busy in George's mouth, George himself took this chance to unbutton the other's shirt all the way. Once he reached the final button, he moved on to the pants. George whined as he pulled on the waistband, unable to remove them as he begged for Clay's assistance. Clay smirked and lightly pushed George off of him, climbing off of the bed to easily remove his pants and boxers. He leaned down into the bedside draw only to grab a bottle of lube. George stared at him in awe as he poured the slick lube over his already hard cock, rubbing it a few times to fully lather it all over.

The older male was impatient as he sat on the bed, clenching his fists into the sheets. He wanted Clay to fuck him already, but George knew his place and decided to be a good boy and wait. Clay could tell that the other was holding back as he lay back down on the bed, resting his head on the pillow. Looking up at George with bright eyes, he gestured to George by patting his stomach, allowing him to come. George desperately jumped on immediately and started leaving sloppy kisses upon the other's stomach. When George felt that he had tasted enough of Clay, he positioned himself above Clay's cock.

The older male bit his lip and locked eye contact with Clay, who gave a reassuring smile and a nod. Now feeling determined, George slid himself onto Clay slowly, releasing a loud gasp at how good it felt to finally have the younger inside him and not some stupid dildo. Letting George adjust took some real strength as one half of Clay just wanted to ruin the younger, to aggressively pound into him like there's no tomorrow. But the other half of Clay wanted to cherish the feelings of George's walls tightening around his member. He was brought out of his train of thought when he heard the other let out a breathy "Move."

Clay didn't need to be told twice as he began to thrust into the other. George's moans escaped his

mouth, and he gripped onto Clay's shoulders for support. But Clay wasn't fully satisfied yet, he wanted to go deeper. He grabbed ahold of George's hips, and pushed them down onto his cock as to match the rhythm. George threw his head back, and whined out Clay's name as Clay hit his prostate repeatedly, "r-Right there, aH".

The sound of skin slapping together that echoed throughout the room now increased in volume and speed. George's legs were buckling under his own weight while Clay only seemed to go faster, nearing his high. "Fuck, George I'm close baby". George only moaned in reply, unable to think of any words due to the fact that the only thing crossing his mind at the moment was Clay destroying him.

The thrusting became sloppy as Clay used his final stamina to roughly slam George's hips down onto his cock. Both males' cried out for each other as they released large amounts of cum. One covering the younger's body, and the other covering the walls of the older's hole.

Exhausted from the night, George collapsed onto Clay's torso murmuring a quick "Love you." as he passed out immediately. Clay was left with George as his little cock warmer and he snuggled into the older's warm and sweaty body, falling asleep soon after.

#### Chapter End Notes

:)  
<3

## Ruined

## Chapter Summary

George is innocent...a little too innocent and Clay has some fun with it...

## Chapter Notes

I've realized I only post these chapters when I'm laying in bed before I go to sleep...  
#whatamidoingwithmylife

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"AhhahAH CLAy, hehheah stOp".

Clay paused what he was doing in that moment, and brought his hands to George's face. Cupping his cheeks gently, he gazed at the older's blushing face with pretty little tears pooling near his eyes, making him look ethereal. "What if I don't want to stop?" He asked seductively before resuming. Clay's hands wandered over George's body as he tickled him, trying to find the most sensitive spot. As he tickled near the other's collarbone, George let out a small whine and giggled.

The way that George was just so effortlessly cute all the time gave Clay urges that almost felt disgusting, and he didn't want to taint his precious angel. But the exposed skin and milky white thighs made him want to take him right there and then. The younger looked down upon the male beneath him who was still squirming around, trying to escape but was failing due to Clay's strong hands holding his wrists down against the bed.

"Hey George?"

George looked up at the other, wide eyed as he hummed a yes in response.

"Have you ever touched yourself?" Clay tried to stop himself before the sentence left his mouth but to no avail, there was no taking it back now. George looked at Clay confusingly but smiled as he spoke. "I touch myself all the time, silly!"

Clay's breath hitched and his grip loosened on the other, "Show me."

George moved his hands from Clay and started to poke various parts of his body. Clay hung his head at the adorable act, and let out a breathy chuckle. "I shouldn't have expected so much from you." He murmured to himself. "No, George. I mean have you every touched yourself.. here?"

The younger grabbed a hold of George's hand and guided it towards his crotch area. He couldn't bear to face the other out of guilt, so he kept his eyes focused on what he wanted. Using George's finger, he traced around the outline sticking against his shorts. To this, George moaned unexpectedly and tried to buck his hips against his hands. Clay stared up at him in shock as he watched his innocent little angel become undone for him. The older was releasing sinful moans as his boner came in contact with his hands.

Absolute pleasure was all George could feel as he relieved himself with Clay's help. He didn't understand why he felt so good, but he knew for sure he wasn't going to stop. As George continued, he paid no attention to Clay who just sat there. The other male was almost paralyzed at the scene playing out in front of him. Only in his dreams would he see George in this state; with beads of sweat rolling down from his forehead, mouth hung open slightly and most importantly, the large bulge in the front of his shorts.

As Clay regained his confidence, he pulled his hands away, bringing George to a stop. From here, Clay then pulled down the waistband of the older's shorts, letting his cock spring free. "ClAy, uh wh..?" Without warning, George felt a pair of lips wrap around his cock. Releasing yet another loud moan, the wet cavern felt like it was made just for George's cock as he began to fuck Clay's throat by instinct.

A knot formed in the older's lower stomach, and he didn't know whether it felt bad or good. "WaiT! Clay I think I'm going to,... ah! Pee.." Even with George's panicked callout, Clay didn't stop, in fact he actually did the opposite and sped up.

"CLAY". George screamed as he came deep inside Clay's throat. Letting the cum pump out in squirts, the older kept his cock inside Clay's mouth until he was sucked dry. "Clay, I'm so sorry I peed in your mouth! I didn't mean to I swear." The younger hummed and let the cock fall from his mouth, showing George his cum covered tongue.

"It's not pee George, it's cum." George tilted his head to the side in confusion as he repeated the word over and over, trying to understand. The other giggled at that and brought George in for a kiss, sharing the white substance with him. He felt the other quickly pull away, licking his lips as his taste buds tried to process this new flavour.

"It's ... salty?".

## Chapter End Notes

:]  
<3

## Sensitive

## Chapter Summary

Clay's bored at midnight and George can't avoid it...

## Chapter Notes

I'm slowly falling out of this fandom but I love posting these so you're still gonna get all the chapters lolz

Also...

10K HITS!!! That's so many, and even though this work is a repost, I'm still amazed by how many times this story has been clicked on :))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay groaned and slid deeper, sighing in relief as he found a comfortable spot. "George.." The younger whined out and looked up at the other male.

"What do you want Clay?" He locked eyes with him, and giggled at Clay who was dangling halfway off the couch, looking at him with a shit eating grin."I'm tired of chilling let's do something!"

"What could we possible do at 12 at night?" George questioned.

A loud wheeze echoed through the lounge as Clay stretched out and started to crawl towards the other playfully. "Oh George.. there's plenty of things to do to you right now". George gulped nervously and averted his gaze to his phone instead. "Like what." The older asked calmly but in reality he was panicking deep down. Clay always found a way to make him react like this.

Leaning closer and closer towards his face, George closed his eyes and braced for the contact of Clay's lips on his but nothing happened. Deciding to peek from behind his slightly open lids, George was beyond shocked as he was met with a pillow to the face.

The younger rolled over, crying from laughter at George's reaction."Did you-aHah.. think I was going to \*wheeze\* kiss you?" George snapped back to reality and rolled his eyes to hide the fact

that Clay just exposed him. While the other was distracted, George had the chance to steal the pillow and he shouted out in triumph.

While George was putting all his strength into whacking the pillow against the other male's body, Clay on the otherhand felt as though he was just getting tickled. As we all know that George lacks in the upper arm department. The younger was feeling bold as he sat there, unresponsive to the attacks.

Feeling as though he let George have enough fun, Clay suddenly seized both of the other's arms and pinned them against the head of the couch. Gently pulling the pillow out of George's grip, he put his leg in place of the pillow.

The older stared up at Clay with wide curious eyes, and bit his lip to stop the incoming tidal wave of dangerous thoughts. Although he tried to control himself, George was unable to stop the blood flowing down, causing a slight tent in his pants to pitch. He tried to look everywhere to avoid the piercing gaze of the male on top of him.

"Okay Clay, y-you win aha."

"I haven't won until I say so."George whimpered, slowly loosing it himself as he wiggled his restrained hands around. "Clay, you don't want to do this I'm-"

George was cut off as Clay pressed his leg gently against George's crotch. The older arched his back and let out a moan loose. His legs shook as he reached his climax. Clay stared at George surprisingly, as the older hung his head in shame, trying to ignore the wet patch that was spreading over his crotch area."I'm sensitive.."

#### Chapter End Notes

:]  
<3

## Sensitive part.2

### Chapter Notes

My hair is no longer a virgin, I dyed all of it for the first time yesterday 😊

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I'm sensitive.."

George's condition was unfamiliar to Clay and he had never heard of someone able to cum that fast, well at least he thought before he gazed upon the older's pants distractedly.

Tears formed at the corner of George's eyes as he tried to calm down, wishing he could just die in that very moment from the amount of embarrassment he was feeling. Yet at the same time he wanted- No, needed more of Clay's touch. The lust in George's brain started to take over and he found himself breaking free of Clay's weakened hold, bringing his arms to hang around the younger's neck.

"Before you start talking, just know that you started this."

Using his knee, George pushed it against Clay's chest and rolled sideways. This action caused the two males to fall on the floor beside the couch. But before their bodies collided together, George caught himself and used his arms and knees to hold himself up. Now positioned on top of the other male, he leaned down and planted a sly kiss on Clay's neck, which soon turned into sucking and biting.

Clay grunted as he tried to stop the other, to turn the tables like how it should be, but he was slowly submitting to the other's rough lips. Leaving behind a pretty purple bruise, George smirked at what he had now claimed as his. Pressing his hands against Clay's chest, he ran his fingers down and over his nipples, earning a slight gasp and a twitch from Clay. Raising an eyebrow at this unexpected behaviour, George thought he could have some fun with this.

Trailing his hands back up to Clay's sweet spot, he started to slowly rub over his hardened buds. Giggling softly as he watched Clay squirm under his touch, George was happy to have this effect over the other. Breathless, Clay threw his head back and moaned out a low "Fuck." But George wasn't having this. He snapped his hands away from giving Clay pleasure and roughly grabbed the younger's golden locks. Raising his head so that he was eye level with George again, he whispered in his ear. "Look at me while I touch you bitch."

He left one of his hands intertwined with Clay's hair, and let the other explore the body beneath him. Bringing it back down, past his nipples, he rested his fingers at the hem of Clay's shirt. Swiftly pulling it up and over his head, George took a moment to stare in awe at Clay's muscles. For a guy who plays Minecraft, he was surprisingly in great shape.

But George had hesitated for too long now, and in the blink of an eye he found himself flipped over on the ground. Gazing up at the older on top of him, George's mind was running at a thousand miles per hour as he stared at the beauty on top of him. Not having enough strength to complain or move, he stayed there silently, waiting for what the younger was about to do next.

"You really thought you could take charge, huh?"

He leaned down and pulled George's sweatpants with his boxers down all at once, and watched as the older's cock twitched and sprung up. George slowly inhaled as he felt the cool air hit his cock, making it more erect than ever.

"I'm not that easy George."

Holding three fingers up, Clay brought them towards George's unresponsive mouth.

"Suck before I take you raw."

Obediently, the older opened his mouth and allowed access for Clay's fingers. He gathered his own spit together and swirled it around Clay, thickly coating him in the slick saliva. Once Clay decided that George was done, he held his fingers up for George to see.

"Think you've done good enough?"

George felt as though he was unable to speak, and lightly nodded instead.

"Let's see if you have."

Inserting one finger into the older's cold hole, he groaned at the texture and tried to go through. "AH- Clay I'm.." George moaned and released his semen onto Clay's face, unable to stop the waves of it squirting out. Clay sat back up and looked at him, "Really George."

The younger continued in trying to stretch the older's hole, but at the same time trying to avoid making the other cum. After multiple tries of Clay fitting all three fingers in and pulling his fingers out just before George could cum, the other was finally ready to take Clay's cock. George was way more than sensitive at this point, as he had been denied of his release over four times.

He was shaking as his cock twitched, a layer of clear pre-cum covering the surface of it. Clay had finally removed his boxers, and he lined himself up with the other's entrance. He was growing impatient though as he pushed his large shaft into George. Of course, this little movement made George cum again, and his whole body shook as he came onto his own stomach, moaning with every spurt of cum that was releasing from his cock.

That was final line for Clay, and he decided to thrust his way in roughly. One hand led it's way up to George's throat and he lightly started to choke him. Not enough to derive him of a lot of oxygen, but enough to make him breathless and weak. George's moans became louder as Clay did this, and he secretly loved the feeling of being treated this rough.

George was unable to process anything anymore, as he reached his orgasm again. Screaming as Clay continued pounding into him, George was oversensitive and every thrust was bringing him close again. Clay wasted no time in letting George calm down after he came, and was focused on bringing himself to his own orgasm.

Reaching down to graze his fingers over George's cock, this action made the older cum yet again, and the other used his warm cum as lubricant. Starting to quickly jerk George off as he felt himself coming close. The older was becoming light-headed and felt almost close to passing out as he tried to focus on everything happening to him.

Clay could feel that little knot low in his stomach, warning him that he was about to cum. Starting to go faster than before, he reached his final thrust at the same time George released again. Clay's groans were drowned out by the sound of George screaming from his sixth orgasm. The older felt as though his body had left the Earth, as he closed his eyes and whined. Clay on the other hand was savouring the feeling of his cock buried deep inside of George, as he felt the walls around him tighten in pulsations.

Releasing the other's throat from his grasp, he stared down at his poor little baby. His eyes were red and puffy and his mouth was hanging open as he laid down there, shaking and moaning. The moans increased as Clay slowly slid out of George, "I'm sorry Gogy." George smiled and let out a weak laugh as he grabbed onto Clay, supporting himself up as he was fazing in and out of passing

out.

The older adjusted himself and picked up George bridal style. He grabbed a blanket that was resting on the couch and laid down, still holding George. Clay let the older rest on top of him as he threw the blanket over the both of them. Deciding to clean themselves up tomorrow, they fell asleep snuggled into each other, the warm skin sharing calming them down.

#### Chapter End Notes

:)  
<3

# Company Property part. 1

## Chapter Summary

Clay hates when George visits him at work...

## Chapter Notes

Make sure to vote for top social artist for the bbma's !! \*cough cough bts\* or yk, whoever you can vote someone like 10 times with one email <33

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A sigh escaped the young male's lips as he sat at the discarded meeting table. Although the male has assistants that could do this for him, he insisted to be the last one to leave, just wanting some time for himself. Before he had to get back to his schedule, he used the free time to gather the papers laying on the surface. Shuffling through them and sorting them into the correct folders, the CEO then picked the folders up and made his way to the exit.

He swiftly curled his hand around the doorknob and pulled it towards him. What was on the other side of the door was unexpected though, as he stood there, keeping eye contact with his boyfriend of 2 years, George. The other's eyes lit up and he ran into the other, squeezing him tightly with one hand.

"Hi Clay! I missed you and I wanted to bring you some coffee.." He reluctantly let go of the younger and handed him the coffee. Watching as he took it and placed it along with the folders on the floor. The younger made his way back towards George and grabbed the older by the collar of his shirt, pulling him inside the room. Slamming the door shut and locking it quickly, he shoved George against the wall and rested his knee in between the other's legs.

"Clay?" Clay grabbed a fistful of George's soft curly hair and pushed it down slightly, so the older was forced to slide down onto the floor. "Babe, please say something!" The CEO crouched down and held his head against the others, "What did I tell you about visiting me at work?" Shifting nervously under the other's grip, George stuttered as he tried to find an excuse.

"I-I missed you..." Clay let out a breathy chuckle. "And you think that's a good enough reason.. slut?" He leaned forward so his face was only inches away from the other, pressing his hands onto the other's noticeable bulge. "Also don't think I wouldn't notice your little problem down there..." Clay slowly began to circle his fingers along George's crotch,

"I didn't even have to speak for you to be turned on. Do you like it when I'm rough?" George let out a little whine and looked away. This angered Clay as he grabbed ahold of the other's jaw, forcing him to look at the other. "I expect an answer." George murmured something that the younger couldn't understand. . "Repeat that, and make sure I can actually hear your answer."

Yet again, George said it quietly and Clay's patience was starting to run thin. "If you aren't going to speak loud enough, then I guess I'm just going to have to force it out of you." The CEO groaned as he stood up, cracking his knuckles as he got ready to lift his boyfriend up.

Clay bent over and scooped the other into his arms, holding him close as he turned around and walked to the meeting table. Laying him down on the surface, The CEO smirked at the sight below him. His cute, flustered boyfriend was avoiding eye contact and shifting his legs together.

Clay loosened his tie and released it from his neck. He let it dangle above George's face before he skillfully restrained the older's wrists with it. "First of all, there's a couple of matters I would like to address within this meeting," He leaned down and groped George's thighs, loving the way they filled up his hands. "Number 1: You do as I say. And Number 2,: Don't you dare hold back your noises, I wanna hear your pretty little moans for me while I fill you up."

George nodded meekly, overwhelmed by the fact that there people just through the other side of the walls. "Good boy." Clay reached for George's zipper and pulled it down, then grabbing the hem of his pants and lowering them. This revealed his bright green underwear hiding underneath. The younger grinned as he traced the little smiley logo face sewn into the fabric, Clay always loved how George looked as if he were company property.

Pulling the boxers down as well, Clay had released George's boner from it's constrained area. He spread the bottom's legs apart, and gently lowered his mouth onto George's cock, taking him in all at once. The younger shuddered and arched his back against the cold wood, letting out a sharp whine.

Going at a steady pace, Clay continued to deliver George a blowjob until the older started to squirm underneath him. Sliding his mouth off of his cock with a satisfying pop. Clay stood up, a line of spit still connected to the hard member.

A whine filled the room as Clay ignored George's leaking cock to unbuckle his own belt. "You're gonna have to wait until you can cum baby." Before The CEO had time to slide his belt off completely, he heard a knock on the meeting room door. George whipped his head around in shock towards the door, then turned back to Clay with wide eyes.

The younger sighed and walked over to unlock the door, "Stay right where you are George, let me handle this." Pulling open the door slightly, he peered his head around the entrance. "Sir. You have a meeting scheduled for 1:30." Leaning his head down to glance at his watch, he frowned at the time being displayed.

1:25pm.

"Postpone until tomorrow." The older briskly ordered as he turned around to head back inside but was stopped when the assistant held onto his shoulder ."But Mr. Drea-

"Get. Your. Hands. OFF." He shoved the woman's hands away, growling slightly. "You are fired. You should know better than to talk back to me, let alone TOUCH me with your greasy hands."

He slammed the door closed, and paused for a minute to calm down as he let the wave of anger wash over him.

"Now, where were we?"

#### Chapter End Notes

:]  
<3

## Company Property part. 2

### Chapter Notes

I finally got vaccinated today!! My arm hurts though :/

Also I have a shit ton of hw to do, but this is kinda more important, obviously

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Now, where were we?"

The younger turned around and took a step towards George but stopped in his tracks as he witnessed the scene in front of him. Since George was still restrained, he took it upon himself to roll over so his stomach was now flat down on the surface of the table. George had begun to grind his member against the dark oak, trying to reach his once denied orgasm.

Clay was at a loss for words as he watched his boyfriend speed up. Shaking his head, he crept over to the older. Placing his hands gently against the back of George's throat to aware the older of his presence, Clay smiled visibly as he felt him flinch from his touch.

George stilled his movements, breathing heavily in anticipation for Clay's deep voice to cut through the thick silence. But what he didn't expect to hear yet was the sound of unzipping and rustling. George gasped suddenly as he felt a hard object pressing against his bare cheeks.

He pressed his head against the table as it travelled lower, until it was barely grazing George's opening. Before he could get the satisfaction of finally being fucked by Clay, the younger grabbed onto his hips and turned him over. No words were shared between them still as Clay pulled George closer, resting the older's legs up and over his shoulder. As he held him right above his cock, he stared into George's soul and the older swore he could melt right there and then.

"This will teach you not to disobey me."

Clay lowered George down onto his cock, and George threw his head back, moaning from the way the younger filled him up just the way he likes it. Clay started slow at first, but his instincts to let it all go and fuck him hard right there were slowly taking over.

"I-is that all you've got, Mr Dreamm?"

Something switched inside of Clay as he heard his business name being moaned out. Speeding up immediately, he thrusted in hard, the tightness of George's hole giving him a sense of pure euphoria. The older was a mess as he cried out, trying to string together a sentence but Clay's cock fucking him just right filled his whole mind.

Clay grunted and drove himself harder and harder into the older until the sound of bare skin slapping together filled the room. George let out a scream, and that's when he knew he found the spot. Continuing his animalistic pace, he targeted that same spot. Reaching down to stroke George's throbbing cock at the same pace, the double stimulation was enough to make the older cum instantly as he released a stream of cum onto his tshirt.

Clay pulled out and came at the sight of his boyfriend covered in cum. Spurting more cum onto George, Clay moaned as he reached the end of his orgasm. The two males stayed in that moment for a while longer, just taking their time to stare into eachothers' eyes, full of lust.

"That didn't seem like a punishment Mr. Dream." Clay scoffed and laid George back down, looking for his pants that had been thrown on the floor. Once he found them he slipped them on along with his belt and shoes. Picking up his jacket, he handed it to the older and leaned in to whisper something in his ear.

"Oh that wasn't enough for you slut? Maybe next time I might have to fuck you during an actual meeting." This left George speechless and flustered, but Clay moved on quickly and helped the older by pulling his pants and boxers back up.

Clay stood back to admire his boyfriend before turning around and gesturing to hop on his back. The older giggled as he softly climbed on Clay.

"Let's go home shall we?"

Chapter End Notes

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<3

## Punishment part. 2

## Chapter Notes

It's finally here :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The bright sun welcomed Clay as he opened his eyes. Groaning as he shifted himself into a sitting position, he stretched his arms over his head. Taking a moment to embrace the warmth of the blanket before throwing the blankets off of him. The young male was about to get out of bed when a quiet noise broke through the silence of the morning. Staying still, he tilted his head towards the source of the sound to try and figure out what it was. As it continued, he was able to distinguish that it was his friend, George.

His hand reached out to flick the switch on his bedside lamp, but another object caught his eye. A remote. Clay's eyes widened as he remembered the events of last night. He picked up the remote and jogged towards George's room. The noises increased in volume as he neared the door, opening it to reveal the older male in the same position as last night. Clay gasped and instantly felt himself becoming hard just at the sight in front of him.

Layers of cum covered George's thighs, stomach, and it was left dripping off of the chair and onto the floor. His eye's were shut tight but now opened at the presence of Clay. Red, tearstained eyes were now visible and he tried to talk to the younger, but all that came out was pathetic moans and strings of drool. Clay broke the eye contact and his gaze travelled lower, reaching the other's cock. It was bright red and throbbing, the cock ring still vibrating hard around it. George's whole body shook from the oversensitivity, and he almost passed out again as he reached yet another dry orgasm.

"AhHuh, C-cl." He rocked his body up and down in the chair, uncomfortable at this feeling. George's panicked moans broke Clay out of his trance as he stepped towards the older. "Have you learned your lesson, slut?" George tried to respond, but his words were swallowed and replaced with more moans. Clay smiled sadistically and pulled out the remote showing it to George. Tracing his finger over the off button he proceeded to ask again.

"Respond or it won't stop. Have you learned your lesson?" This time George was able to let out a small yes and as promised, the vibrations immediately stopped. Whining in relief, George threw his head back and thanked God that it was over. It wasn't long though before he felt hands on his cock and twitched and he stared back down at Clay who was taking the ring off.

Smirking, the younger looked over George's cum covered body and by the look on his face, George knew that his hell wasn't over. "We need to clean this off you, don't you think?" Not bothering to wait for a response from the older, Clay hungrily connected his mouth to George's inner thighs. Whimpering loudly, George squirmed as Clay's tongue licked up and down his sensitive skin.

He hated to admit, but the older deeply enjoyed this, even after all he had been through. As he watched Clay lovingly, George felt his heart stop as the younger looked up towards him while licking a stripe down his thighs. George weakly willed himself not to become hard again from this, but he was unable to stop the rush of blood flowing towards his cock.

Clay leaned back to admire his work, but instead noticed George's boner pop up. Laughing he went down again until he was only a breath away from George's member. "I didn't know you were this pathetic George. Even after all those orgasms, your body still wants- No, needs more from me." George only hummed in reply.

"I guess you deserve this for being such a good, patient boy for me."

Clay wrapped his lips around George, taking him as much as he could until he felt the tip hit the back of his throat. The older almost screamed at finally being touched. He bucked his hips up into Clay's dark, wet cavern, face-fucking him with no remorse. Little teardrops gathered at the corner of the youngers' eyes from the harsh sensation.

George shook underneath him as he neared his final orgasm. But before he could feel his sweet release, the younger pulled off, leaving him humping the air instead of the tight throat of Clay's. George cried out, "P-pleasee-.."

"Wait you needly little whore." Clay growled back at him as he fumbled with his own pant zippers. He let them drop down around his ankles as he stood up, reaching out to pick George up.

Sitting back down onto the gaming chair, Clay held George up in line with his cock. "After you face-fucked me forcefully, I'm starting to believe you don't deserve this."

"I want you to beg for it."

George hesitated as he realised this was the only way he was going to get fucked. "P-please I really need to cum... and I need to feel your cock deep inside or I'm gonna loose my mind... Please fuck

me!" George desperately whined, but he was only met with silence. "Please Daddy!" He cried.

That was all Clay wanted to hear as he slammed George down onto his large member. Clay groaned when George's walls clenched around him as he tried to move. "Fuck George, you're so tight for me." Screaming out of pleasure, George pressed his ass back into Clay, rocking as he tried to get Clay to fuck him hard.

Finally gathering strength, the younger thrust up into George, slapping their sweaty skin together to create beautiful sounds. Maintaining a rhythm, he brought himself close as he grunted with every thrust.

"George, I'm gonna—" Clay cut himself off buried his cock deep inside George, his thick cum filling the older up. George felt this and shot out ropes of white at the sensation. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as he rode out his high, his hand snaking down to milk the rest of the cum out of himself.

The sound of heavy breathing was shared between the two and Clay wrapped his hands around George's stomach, pulling him closer to himself to savour their bodies sticking together. Clay brought himself close to George's ear to whisper a sweet "I love you." The older laughed weakly and repeated it back to the younger.

George didn't remember Clay taking care of him, giving them both a bath, and changing his clothes, but the next day he woke up, still embraced by Clay and he smiled softly.

He couldn't ask for better.

#### Chapter End Notes

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<3

## Other End of the Call

## Chapter Summary

Dream wants to FaceTime! But George is a little occupied...

## Chapter Notes

Did y'all see George's stream earlier?! It took me by surprise the way they just abruptly ended it LMAO

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The night started with the brunette scrolling through twitter but soon enough, his mind started wandering to dangerous places and so did his hands.

Gliding down his smooth body, they rested above the tent in his pants. George threw his head back as he roughly grabbed onto the bulge, and swiftly shoved his other hand into his mouth to contain the sinful noises that were arising.

Beads of sweat travelled down his forehead as he started to rub himself, thrusting up slightly into his own hand. Halting his movements for the moment, George needily let his hands unzip his pants and pulled them down before removing his tight boxers as well.

With his lower half now exposed, he continued on with his business. George wrapped a hand around his member and shivered from the touch of his cold hands. Jerking off slow at first he cautiously took his hand away from his mouth and picked up his discarded phone laying next to him.

George stared at the photo displayed that originally made him horny. It was a fan-art of Dream and himself recreating the crafting table scene. The older was sitting upon the crafting table while the younger was on his knees for him, encasing his cock with his warm mouth. George groaned at this and began pumping faster.

He was almost too distracted by his nearing orgasm that he didn't notice his phone ringing and vibrating. Glancing over, thinking he would choose to ignore whoever it was until his eyes widened and his strokes slowed down as he looked at the caller ID.

- Dream wants to facetime!

Fuck. George took deep breathes, trying to stabilize himself and making sure that he had his cam turned OFF before he joined.

"H-hey Dream.." George mentally face-palmed when his voice wavered and stuttered, quickly becoming embarrassed at how he couldn't even control his own voice. "Hi George! I had a video idea in mind, and I was wondering if I could talk to you about it?"

Dream's words rolled off his tongue so smoothly, and George found himself starting to imagine dirty things that he wished the younger male would say. Snapping out of the tainted thoughts, he resumed the conversation.

"Uhm sure. But why this late at night though.." Dream released a wheeze at this before replying smugly, "Because I wanted to. It's not like you have much to do at this time of night anyways.. unless?"

George felt his face grow hot, and he cursed under his breath. The simple sentence reminded him of his hand wrapped tightly around his member. He absentmindedly started to pump up and down, growing more horny at the thought that Dream was on the other end of the call.

"So, w-what was the idea?"

Dream started to talk but George didn't focus on the words specifically and instead focused on the sound of his voice as he started picking up speed. He didn't notice the fact that Dream fell silent, or the fact that he was repeating George's name.

George imagined Dream's hands replacing his as he reached the point of no return. Now aggressively pumping his cock, his legs started to shake and his toes curled in as he thrust his upwards. Releasing a spurt of milky white substance onto his stomach, he cried out a broken moan.

For that moment, in his state of ecstacy, he forgot that Dream was still in call. After a moment of

silence, while George was still stroking out his high, a silent "George?" was heard from the older male's phone.

Deciding to not respond, George internally panicked until another small noise emitted from the phone speaker.

"Oh George, the things you do to m-me." Clay whined out lightly, a small groan followed after that sentence. "Don't think I don't know what you just did. You came to my voice, hmm?"

George blushed even harder and guiltily stared down at his cum covered stomach. "You think you can get away with that? You owe me. Turn on your camera right now."

His eyes widened as he processed what Dream was saying, still refusing to believe this was real. "Uhh.. No, I-I can't." Dream sighed and leant closer to the microphone,

"That wasn't a question, that was an order. I at least deserve a sight I can look at while I cum."

The older willed his finger towards the 'turn cam on' option and reluctantly pressed it. He made sure that the camera was pointed from his shoulders up, trying to hide his lower half

....

Dream's eyes widened as George's face popped up onto the screen. Although this wasn't new to him. Recently the older's face had become the material he used when he was jerking off.

He was so pretty as always. His flushed cheeks and swollen lips from being bitten was enough to arouse him. Stroking his cock softly, he noticed that George was shirtless and oh God how he wanted to see more. "Mm, please lower your camera George, for me."

The younger watched intently as George held an embarrassed facial expression and looked away, before moving his phone down and finally exposing what he had been trying to hide from Dream.

Dream's cock twitched at the sight of George's cum covered stomach as he realised how he was the reason George was touching himself.

Dream threw his head back and moaned, pumping in a rhythm that went fast before slowing slightly. Edging himself as he wanted to enjoy the sight while he still had it. After Dream couldn't take it anymore, he finally pushed himself over the edge and released hard into his hands as he moaned out George's name.

After Dream calmed himself down, he broke the silence again. "Well, ahH, I guess we can talk about the video another time." He ended the call with George looking desperately at the camera, begging Dream to stay.

He had tired himself out this time as he looked at the large amount of cum spread across his hands. Wiping against his shirt, he exited the app and switched to Snapchat.

Dream held his cock in his hands for the photo. Looking at it with satisfaction, he typed out a caption to go along with it.

~ Just in case you want to touch yourself again, here's some material. ♡

Sending it to George, he smirked and stared hungrily at the screenshots he manged to capture quickly.

He would definitely use them again later.

#### Chapter End Notes

:]  
<3

# Sharp Edge

## Chapter Summary

George is being a little bitch and Clay isn't having it...

## Chapter Notes

## ! CONTENT WARNING !

Please do not read on if you are uncomfortable with the following:

## -Knifeplay

## -Cuts

-Blood

### -Rough behaviour

Thank you and I'm sorry in advance :)

ALSO...bts just released their new single and I'm currently loving life bc of it; you should go check it out if haven't yet XD it's called 'butter'

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Words couldn't even describe the rage that Clay was feeling after today. As soon as he had stepped out of their room in the morning, a sense of dread followed him to the kitchen. This was where he caught his boyfriend sitting on the countertop, snacking on HIS cereal. Clay thought he had made it clear that his breakfast food was out of bounds for George, yet here he was.

Although it may seem like a minor inconvenience, it didn't just stop there. As the day progressed George had managed to break almost all of the rules they agreed upon. Running on the furniture, leaving dirty dishes in random areas, talking back to Clay and refusing to have a shower were a few of the many incidents that were dealt with by the younger.

Was George trying to get a reaction out of him? Clay was aggressively scrubbing the dishes previously left behind by George, 'I can't get angry or he will win.' These thoughts clouded his mind and distracted him from the older male who was creeping up behind him.

Clay felt two arms slither across his stomach and wrap around his torso. "Hey babe." The younger

stiffened under his touch, as he had not forgiven George in any way. "I'm heading to bed now, please join me soon~"

The warmth that once enclosed Clay disappeared quickly and he was met with cold air as George removed himself from the younger and started to walk away. But Clay wasn't going to let him get away from this.

Storming over to George, he grabbed a fistful of his soft, brown hair. Pulling it back towards him, the other yelped in surprise and met Clay's eyes. The older visibly shivered when all he saw in his gaze was revenge.

Clay pinned George against the kitchen counter and smiled. He brought his hand up only to reveal a kitchen knife, making George's blood run cold. "C-Clay please.." The cold edge of the silverware pressed against the older's lips, silencing him.

"Make a noise and this cuts deeper."

Now dragging the knife lightly across George's face, he let it trace over his jawline. Clay leaned in and kissed his neck slowly before using his spare hand to lift the shirt off of the older. "You understand why I'm doing this hm?" Clay spoke softly, "You've been a bad boy today."

George whined at Clay, but stopped quickly as he felt the blade press harder. Not enough to cut through the skin, but enough to ensure fear. "Ah ah ah, what did I say little Georgie. I don't want to hear anything come out of that mouth unless it's my cock after I'm done with you."

With this he kicked the back of George's legs, causing him to collapse on the floor. The older gulped as he came face to face with Clay's hard-on. "You know what to do."

George shakily unzipped Clay's pants and stared at the bulge in front of him. He pulled the member out of his boxers and started to stroke. Occasionally rubbing his thumb over the tip of Clay's cock to tease him, George smiled as he heard Clay grunt in approval.

He continued to give Clay a handjob until the younger grew impatient. Bringing his cock away from George's grasp, Clay instead thrust it towards the older's mouth. "Open wide for me Georgie."

Once the other had complied, Clay's cock entered George's dark, wet mouth. Shuddering at the

satisfying feeling, he pushed back until his tip hit the back of George's throat.

The older gagged slightly as Clay's thrusts into his mouth became more rough. Clay grabbed onto George's hair as he started to cum. He buried his cock deep in the other's throat and held him there while the white substance pumped out and filled George's throat.

After his cock had been emptied, Clay finally released George from his grasp, and watched proudly as his little cockslut choked on his cum and gasped for air.

"Oh poor little Georgie." Clay grinned at George's weak state and crouched down so he became eye level. He reached his hand out towards the other's jaw, and softly lifted it up so George had to look up at him.

"Tonight I'm going to teach you a lesson because of what you've done today."

The younger leaned in close to the older's ear as he heard George quietly moan at Clay's dominance.

"And I'll make sure you wont forget it."

#### Chapter End Notes

:)  
<3

# Airport Bathroom

## Chapter Summary

Clay meets up with his boyfriend, George, who clearly can't control himself...

## Chapter Notes

Bts really popped off with the bbma's 😊 just had to say that

THIS ONE IS THE LONGEST ONE ILYALL YOU DESERVE THE WORLD  
MUAH OKAY ♡

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blurry figures rushed by a certain blond male as he sat against a cold, metal bench, waiting. His legs involuntarily started bouncing slightly out of nervousness as he scanned the surrounding area for his boyfriend who was about to arrive.

Glancing at his watch for the 10th time that minute, he double-checked that the time was right, everything had to be perfect. But nothing could be more perfect than George. A sweet angel that left Clay's brain numb and his heart flutter. Whenever they were on call, the younger couldn't help but tease the older, wanting to hear that pretty laugh of his as he grew flustered.

While the male continued to fantasize about the love of his life, he failed to notice a man wearing his bright green hoodie sit down next to him. "Are you waiting for someone, cutie?" Clay's train of thought was broken and he shuffled his feet uncomfortably at the close proximity of the stranger, as he replied. "Yeah.. I'm waiting for.."

The blond male's head whipped up to face the 'stranger' now realizing that it was in fact..  
"GEORGE!" The younger let out a groan as George jumped on top of him with his arms wide open. Clay swore that he had never smiled wider in his laugh as he intertwined his fingers in George's hair.

Letting out a quiet, breathy moan, George squeezed tightly before leaning back to admire the other's face. "You're real.." Clay chuckled lightly and cupped his boyfriend's beautiful face in his

hands. "I sure am." He swooped in close enough to George's face to feel the heat rising off of his cheeks before planting a passionate kiss against his pretty pink lips.

Caught in the moment, neither of them wanted to stop but Clay soon remembered they were in the middle of a crowded airport. He disconnected his lips from George's, leaving a string of drool behind. George wasn't satisfied though as he pulled Clay against him again.

"I missed you." The older tried to say into the kiss, but it came out mumbled. Trying to find somewhere to place his hands, George decided to sneak his hands up Clay's shirt but was once again denied as he was lifted off of the younger's lap.

"Clayyy~ I need you right now." George whined out his sentence but it ended with a whimper as Clay glared at him as if telling him to behave. The blond male grabbed ahold of George's wrist and dragged him across the hallway into a separate, single person bathroom.

After leading him in and locking the door, he turned around and pushed George up against the white walls of the bathroom. Letting his hands run under the other's hoodie to grasp his hips, Clay pressed himself closer to George. "You look so cute and fuckable in my hoodie George."

He brought his hand down towards the older's crotch and started to slowly palm it. George's breath hitched as he shamefully held his head into Clay's shoulder, trying to hide his slight moans.

"Is this what you want George? Are you really this needy to be fucked out in public?" Clay felt him nod into his shoulder but it wasn't enough. He gripped the bulge harshly and watched as George threw his head back, releasing an unexpected gasp.

"I need words doll."

George looked towards Clay and maintained eye contact as he purred out a "Yes Daddy~" The younger smiled and used his other hand to pat George's head.

"Good boy."

Clay praised him as he lightly began to push George's head down. The older got the idea and desperately dropped onto his knees. Smiling up at him, George reached for his zipper and slowly pulled it down.

The thought of the older's lips wrapped around his cock instantly turned him on and his bulge became more prominent. His mind was clouded and Clay fell deep into a euphoric state as his pants were pulled down along with his boxers.

His hard cock sprung free and George stared in awe at the size. "I didn't know Daddy was packing this much~" The older traced his cold fingers across the veins of the member, smirking slightly as he felt it twitch slightly.

Clay shivered at his touch, but it wasn't enough. He forcefully wrapped his hand around George's hands, and guided it up and down his cock. "Don't even thinking about teasing me George."

The younger removed his hands and groaned as George listened to him, continuing to stroke. As the strokes started to increase, so did the volume of Clay's groans.

But George had other plans. Taking his hands off, he instantly replaced it with his mouth instead. Clay threw his head back as George skillfully dragged his soft tongue up and down the base, pulling back to swirl it around the tip.

Clay moved his hands to rest in George's hair, and he dragged it forward slightly so his cock filled up the other's wet mouth. He let George try to deepthroat him and released a small moan as he managed to fit Clay whole in his mouth. "Fuck babyboy.. Nngh, you're doing so good for me."

George hummed out as a reply which sent vibrations onto his cock, and a wave of pleasure flowed through him at the sensation. That pleasure was soon gone though as George released himself from Clay's cock with a satisfying pop noise.

"I-I can't take it anymore Clay! I need you to fill me up, ah~ need to feel your cum deep inside me.." George jumped up onto his feet quickly and started to remove his own clothes. After quickly stripping he threw his pants onto the floor and started to take off his hoodie when a pair of hands stopped him.

"I wanna fuck you in my hoodie, you look so hot in that." George blushed and complied, keeping the hoodie on. The blond male reached out and grabbed ahold of George's shoulders, as he turned him around and pressed him against the wall.

"I still need to prep you first baby."

"Don't bother, I prepped myself before meeting you.." George shyly piped up.

"Of course you did slut, that desperate to get fucked hm?" He slapped George's ass and smiled smugly as that action earned a moan from the older. Clay lined his cock up with George's entrance, teasing his hole by tracing around it.

George whined as Clay pushed in slowly. Once he was deep enough, he stood still and waited for George's word to continue.

"A-ah move.."

Clay wasted no time in pulling out and slamming back in quickly, repeating this a few more times as George moaned loudly before biting down into his hoodie to suppress the noises. The younger's hands snaked their way to hold George's hip for grip as he thrusted harder and faster.

"F-FUCK Daddy~ Mmmph right t-there!" Clay angled himself and thrusted relentlessly, abusing George's sweet spot. Both males felt a knot form in their stomach, telling them they were close.

Clay was brought over the edge as George's walls clenched and unclenched around his cock, and he buried himself in deep before painting the inside of George with his cum. He kept pushing in slightly and brought one of hands down to stroke George's cock.

The feeling of pleasure from two places was enough for George to release his cum into Clay's hands, not caring anymore to hide his moans as he cried out Clay's name loudly. The two males were left with a sticky mess and the sound of heavy breathing as they calmed down.

"Thanks for filling me up Daddy~ I think I want to keep it in me though." He reached into his hoodie pocket and pulled out a small buttplug, showing it to Clay who still had his cock inside George. "You nasty slut George, although I should expect this from you."

He grabbed it out of the other's hand and gently pulled out, only to shove the buttplug in. George giggled and moved his ass around in the air, proud of the fact he is going to be filled with Daddy's cum for the rest of the day. Clay smiled at his behaviour and turned on the tap, using the disposable paper towels to clean themselves off.

After picking their clothes up from the floor and putting them on, they made sure they were

presentable enough before they unlocked the bathroom door and walked out. George pressed himself against Clay's side as they made their way out of the airport, still giddy from their little activity.

"Clay?" The younger looked down at him and smiled brightly, "Yes baby?"

"I- um.." George's nerves started to get the best of him as he tried to find the right words for what he was about to tell his boyfriend. "I brought some toys with me.."

Clay raised an eyebrow in amusement, smirking while he replied. "Yes, I will use them on you babe, you don't even have to ask." George punched the air and let out a quiet yes.

Little did he know that George wanted to try them out on Clay instead.

#### Chapter End Notes

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## George's Visit pt. 1

## Chapter Summary

George finally comes to visit his boyfriend, Dream, in prison and they're both desperate for each other...

## Chapter Notes

Ok I've finally finished hell aka school (but not really bc I go back after summer break :/ ) but tomorrow's my last day thank god ☺

// BASED OFF DREAM'S PRISON ARC ON THE DREAMSMP -sort of //

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream paced back and forth inside of the small room nervously. Today was the day, he was finally seeing his lover after days of being held captive in this prison without him. Countless hours were spent crying to and begging the security guard, Sam, for this visit to happen. Eventually the guard gave in after Dream's relentless pleading.

Dream now understood that it was all worth it to see George, even if he did loose his dignity while doing so. The young male glanced at the clock, one of the only items in the room and lit up with joy as it struck midday - the time in which George was supposed to arrive.

Standing patiently, he waited for the walls to lower; the walls separating him from the only thing he cared about in this dull world.

At last, mumbled voices could be heard from the other side of the wall, and Dream strained his ears to hear the voice he had longed to hear for so long. Seeing George also seemed to trigger Dream's anxiety, and those dark thoughts made their way into his mind.

What if George hates me for what I've done?

What if he treats me like a criminal?

Is he scared of me.. Is that why he didn't come and visit?

Oh god.. What do I look like??

Dream's breathing grew heavier and he run his fingers through his hair, trying to calm himself down. His knees felt weak, and his arms grew heavy as he lowered himself onto the floor.

Being too wrapped up in his thoughts, Dream failed to notice the wall lowering until a loud THUNK broke through the deadly silence. He snapped his head up, only to make eye contact with the brunette male.

All the negative thoughts washed away and were instantly replaced with euphoria as he gazed at his beautiful boyfriend. Both of them seemed to be trapped in the moment, and neither wanted to break eye contact.

Dream gulped and stood up nervously, taking a step towards George. "I-it's really you.." The older male smiled at his words. Before Dream could even take another step, George ran towards him and engulfed him in a warm hug.

Dream was shocked and overwhelmed at first, days without physical touch had taken a toll on him, but he soon grew comfortable and hugged back. George let go slightly and instead leaned back to glance at Dream, but the younger couldn't help but notice that George's eyes were focused on his lips.

The younger took this as a sign to pull George close again while he placed his lips against the others. A warm tingly feeling exploded in his body as they connected, the kiss growing more passionate with every second.

After a while, they reluctantly pulled apart - leaving eachother breathless and with flushed cheeks. "I love you so fucking much Dream." These words replayed in Dream's mind until he had enough.

He pushed his lips against George again, this time using his tongue to explore the older's wet cavern. George tried to fight for dominance but Dream bit down on his bottom lip - making him gasp and giving the younger access.

The older wanted to get back at Dream, so he bent his knee forward slightly. Slowly grinding it against Dream's crotch, he smirked as he felt the younger groan into the kiss.

Dream suddenly pulled away and wrapped his hands around the back of George's thighs, motioning for him to jump up. Once George complied, he held him up and brought him over to his small bed.

Kneeling over him, Dream gently lowered the older down onto the bed. "Tell me what you want me to do George."

George blushed and looked up at Dream confidently.

"Fuck me so hard I forget my own name."

Chapter End Notes

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// Part 2 coming soon >;) //

:)

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## George's Visit pt. 2

### Chapter Notes

I'm back and feeling great loveys :)

mcc was, um, interesting huh

I also have realized I have a habit of taking buzzfeed quizzes after reading hardcore smut so um, yeah :p

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



"Fuck me so hard I forget my own name."

Dream blushed slightly at George's bold attitude, lost in the other's words for a second but horniness took over and he instantly regained his confidence. Swooping down to suck on the other's neck, he left little bruises all over the smaller boys' milky white skin and relished the noises emerging from George's mouth. He pushed himself back to admire his work, the sight of bright red and purple hickeys' contrast against George's skin colour was driving him mad.

"Dream.. please! I need you.."

The blond glanced back up to George's face after hearing his begging. A desperate look was plastered on his face and his mouth hung open slightly, a trail of drool starting to fall from his tongue.

"I'll give you what you want since you're such a good boy for me George."

The praise from Dream went straight to George's dick, his boner becoming more prominent now. He struggled to hide that from the younger but it was no use.

"Hmm, what's this? Do you like it when I praise you like this baby?"

Dream slowly snaked his hand down George's body and let it rest just before his crotch. Slowly starting to tease him, the blond traced one finger along the tent in the other's pants.

"Do you like it when I call you my good boy?"

The bottom averted his gaze and bit his lip slightly. With this, Dream roughly grabbed onto his crotch, surprising George as he let out a broken moan. "P-please.."

Dream started to rub at a consistent pace, grinning evilly at the other who was struggling to form his sentence.

"Please what?"

George opened his mouth to reply but Dream had other ideas. Gently shoving three fingers into the other's mouth, he ordered him to suck. Of course, George obeyed, like the good little angel he is.

Trying to build his confidence back up, the bottom stared into Dream's eyes while he sucked, hollowing his cheeks out every once in a while as he gratefully covered the fingers in saliva.

He hated to admit it but the blond male was loving the sight of this way more than he should. Before he got carried away, Dream pulled his fingers out and used his other hand to pull George's pants and boxers down.

The other gasped as he felt cold air hit his thighs, but warmth soon replaced the cold as Dream ran his fingers up George's smooth skin. As they travelled further, the older male shivered more under his touch.

Roughly grabbing his legs, Dream spread them apart and lifted his fingers towards George's pink hole but, hesitated, looking up at George through half-lidded eyes.

"Are you sure you want this? I am a prisoner and who knows what would become of you if word spreads around that we-"

Dream was instantly silenced as a finger pressed against his lips.

"I don't care what you are, all I care about is my Dream and nothing is going to come between us, now shut up and make me feel good."

The prisoner smiled and brought his saliva coated fingers towards George's hole. As the first finger slowly intruded in he let out a sharp gasp, remembering how much he missed Dream's touch.

The younger started moving inside of him, pushing a finger in and out steadily to stretch him at first. Once George started to loosen up, he added another, and another until George was a moaning mess under him.

"D-drEAM! Ahhh~ please it uhaH feels so.. gooddmm~"

"I haven't even put in the real thing and you're already close? Oh come on." Dream teased George but the other male paid no attention. He started rolling his hips up in time with Dream's fingers, trying to get more friction.

"I'm g-gOnn'" Dream realized how close the brunette was and pulled all of his fingers out, leaving George empty.

"Dreamm.." George whined out for the younger male, but Dream was already standing up to unbutton his uniform.

"Be patient babe."

George stared at Dream hungrily as his shirt came off, noticing all of the battle scars and bruises but more importantly, his great figure. His abs that glistened with sweat and his pulsing veins made George go crazy.

The older absentmindedly dropped his hand down and started to rub the tip of his cock, unable to keep his eyes off of Dream.

The blond reached down to unbutton his pants as well but he had an idea. While reaching for his bandana, he noticed the way George was looking at him and smirked.

"You know, if you liked the sight of this so much you should visit more. I'll gladly undress anytime for you George. Your wish is my command."

George blushed and grew embarrassed at the fact he was caught. He was almost too distracted by the embarrassment and pleasure to realize that Dream had walked towards him, holding a bandana up to his face.

The other male gently placed it around George's eyes and against the back of his head. After tying a knot in the back Dream stepped away.

"Don't worry. Trust me and I will take care of you."

"Dream?" George heard the younger move towards him, anticipating what Dream would do next.

"Yes, George?"

"I need you."

Dream smiled and took his pants off finally. Lifting George up slightly, he switched their positions so that he was sitting behind the other.

The older felt Dream's hard cock against his back as his hands roamed over George. He left sweet kisses on the other's shoulders as he pulled George back into his lap.

Lining himself up with the bottom's hole, Dream pushed himself in slowly and groaned as the wetness encased him. George threw his head back against him and let out a low whine.

"I- I don't need to be stretched.. please ruin me!"

"As you wish."

## Chapter End Notes

A/N (simplified from original a/n)

I'm sorry,, there will be a part 3

You all deserve the best.

-Re uploader, Mai ♡

## George's Visit pt. 3

### Chapter Notes

I get my second vaccination tomorrow :p excited for thatt but,

Sadly, this is the last chapter of the one shot book since the original got deleted after this chapter, but thank you everyone who's read this far. Cynthia is a very good writer and I'm glad I was able to repost her work :D I'll have something else written at the end so look out for that :)

**RECAP:**

"I- I don't need to be stretched.. please ruin me!"

"As you wish."

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Dream wasted no time in pulling out and thrusting back in, groaning as he buried himself in George. He began to pound into him and relished the nosies that left the brunette's mouth. Strings of incoherent words filled the room in between the moans and sounds of skin slapping against each other.

This felt surreal to George because he had lost his sense of sight due to the blindfold - making everything more stimulated as he relied on physical touch and sound. Using his spare hands, Dream reached around George's small waist, hugging him closer to his body as he sped his actions up.

"A~ah fuck Dream im close.." Dream narrowed his eyes and leaned forward into the other's ear, panting heavily. "You don't release until I say so." George whimpered and threw his head back onto the younger's shoulders, biting down into his lip to distract the wave of pleasure he could feel starting to grow stronger.

"D-dream! I need to.. mmm.." Reaching his final pace, Dream's groans increased and he thrusted into George, but instead he stayed still. "You need to what?" The older cried out as he started to calm down, frustrated at not being able to cum. "Dream! I need to c-cum.. please."

Dream moved his hands up to George's jawline and grabbed it softly, turning it towards him as he brought the older in for a kiss. As soon as they had connected their lips, Dream started moving again.

Pulling in and out faster than before, George screamed as he released thick spurts of cum onto his stomach, his body shaking from the impact. Dream came quickly after, biting down gently onto George's neck as he felt the other's walls pulse around him. George collapsed against the other and smiled.

"I-I really missed you, Dream. I'm sorry I didn't visit sooner.."

"Yeah you better be sorry. Now you know what you've been missing out on this whole time. Please visit me again Georgie." Dream chuckled lightheartedly as he traced his fingers across George's collarbone.

"Georgie? Ah so that's my name. Sorry I must've forgotten." The older said with a smirk.

Dream laughed as he sat both of them up. "You're an idiot."

"Yeah but I'm your idiot."

The blond stood up and reached into the pile of discarded clothes, pulling out some tissues. He walked over and dipped them in a bit of water before coming back to George. After wiping both of them down, he helped George into his clothes and they both sat down on the bed against the wall as they waited for the guard to arrive.

Soon enough, a loud knock was heard at the door and Sam walked through. "You bastard Dream, I know you broke the cameras and audio again. Next time you do that I'm not afraid to decrease your meal size even more. Don't mess with me."

Dream smirked and saluted to the guard, "You got it boss."

"Alright George, it's time to go now. I will wait outside while you say your goodbyes."

The couple waited for Sam to leave before they walked over to eachother again - well, George tried to. Dream laughed as George limped over to him but soon shut up as he felt the older stomp on his toe.

"This is your fault! What will Sam think?"

Dream encased George in a hug. "Let him think whatever he wants. I would actually rather he knew about how I ruined you."

The older rolled his eyes and leaned up to kiss him. "Idiot."

Dream smirked. "Your idiot. You better visit every week."

George acted shocked and placed his hand over his heart, "Every week? Honey, I will try to visit every day."

Dream smiled happily and watched his boyfriend walk away. "Bye loverboy!"

He heard George shout back through the door, "Bye handsome!"

---

As Sam and George walked back, Sam couldn't help but notice the older's strange walking pattern.

"Why are you lim-"

"Don't even ask."

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Chapter End Notes

ILY GUYS, STAY HAPPY AND HEALTHY AND HAVE A LOVELY SUMMER

Also 500 kudos!! That's crazy, thank you thank you

HAPPY PRIDE MONTH ASWELL

If it's your first pride after coming out, either to others or to yourself, I'm very proud and I hope you'll enjoy the month and that it's filled with loving and supportive people

I love you all, stay strong.

-Mai

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Edit: 25k HITS!? That's a lot, thank you for clicking \O/ hug for you

Edit 2: 1k KUDOSSS AH YOU GUYS ARE SO COOL

Edit 3: We hit 100 subscribers (technically 108 bc I'm dumb and missed it) but aye that's really cool ;)

Edit 4: 50K HITS OMG THANKS GUYS FOR CLICKING

Edit 5: 100 comments :3

Edit 6: HAPPY HOLIDAYS EVERYONE WE GOT TO 100 BOOKMARKS :D

Edit 7: 75K HITS WOOP WOOP

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